

The lamentable Ditty of the little Mousgrove, and  
the Lady Barnet.

To an excellent new tune,



**A**s it fell out on a Holy-day,  
as many more do in the year,  
Little Mousgrove would to the Church pray  
to see the fair Ladies there.  
Gallants there were of god degré,  
for beauty exceeding fair,  
Most wondrous lovely to the eye,  
that did to the Church repair.  
Some came down in red Velvet,  
and others came down in Pall,  
The next came down my Lady Barnet  
the fairest amongst them all.  
She cast a look on little Mousgrove  
as bright as the Summers Sun,  
Full well then perce her little Mousgrove  
Lady Barnet's love he had won.  
The Lady Barnet w<sup>t</sup> of meek and mild,  
saluted this little Mousgrove,  
Who did repay her kinde courtesie  
with favour and gentle love.  
I have a Bower in myry Barnet  
bestrowed w<sup>t</sup>th Cowslip, swart,  
If that it please you little Mousgrove  
in love me there to meet.  
Within my arms one night to sleep  
for you my heart have won,  
You need not fear my suspicuous Lord,  
for he from home is gone.  
Betide my life be ite my death,  
this night I will lye with thee,  
And for thy sake Ile hazard my breath,  
so dear is my love to thes,

What shall we do with our little fast page  
our counsel for to keep,  
And watch for se. r. Lord Barnet come,  
while we together do sleep,  
Red gold shall be his hire quoth he  
and silver shall be his fee,  
So be our counsell safely keep  
that I may sleep with thee.  
I will have none of your gld he said  
nor none of your silver fee,  
If I should keep your counsell or  
thou were great disloyalty.  
I will not be falle unto my Lord  
for house nor yet for Land,  
but if my Lady prove untrue,  
Lord Barnet shall understand,  
Then swiftly ran the little fast page,  
unto his Lord with speed,  
Who then was leafting with his other friends  
not dreaming of this ill deer,  
Most swifly the page did hale  
most swifly did he run,  
And when he came to the broken bridge  
he bate his breast and swoon.  
The page did make no stay at all  
but went to his Lord with speed,  
That he the truth might say to him  
concerning this wcked deed.  
He found his Lord at supper: then  
great merriment there th<sup>t</sup> p did keep,  
My Lord quoth he this night on my word,  
Mousgrove with your Lady doth sleep

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If this be true my little son page  
 and true that thou tellest to me.  
 My eldest daughter Ie give thee  
 and wedded thou shalt be  
 If this be a lye my little son page  
 and a lye that thou tellest to me,  
 A new pair of Gallows shall be set up  
 and hanged thou shalt be.  
 If thou be a lye my Lord said he  
 and a lye that thou hearest from me,  
 Then never stay a Gallows to make,  
 but hang me upon the next tree.  
 Lord Barnet then cal'd up his mercy men  
 away with speed he would go.  
 His heart was so ze perpylet with grief,  
 the truthe of this he must know.  
 Haddle your horses with speed he said  
 and haddle me my white steed.  
 If this be true as the page hath said  
 Mousgrovell shall I repent this day.  
 He charged his men no noise to make  
 as they rode along on the way,  
 Nor wond no horn quoth he on you life  
 lefft out coming it shoulde betray,  
 But one of them that Mousgrovell did loke  
 and respecked his friendshyp most dear  
 To give him notice Lord Barnet was come,  
 did wond the bingle most clear.  
 And ever more as he did sound,  
 away Mousgrovell and away,  
 For if he take this with my Lady  
 then slayn thou shalt be this day.  
 O hark sait Lady your Lord is come,  
 I hear his little horn blow,  
 And if he finde me in your arms thus,  
 then slayn I shall be I knowe.

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O lye still lye still little Mousgrovell  
 and keep my back from the cold,  
 I know it is my fathers shepheard  
 driving sheep unto the pinsold.  
 Mousgrovell did turn him round about  
 sweet slumber his eyes did greet,  
 When he did awake he then did espy  
 Lord Barnet at the beds feet.  
 O rise up rise up little Mousgrovell  
 and putt thy cloathing on,  
 It never shall be said in fair England  
 that I fled a naked man  
 Heres two good swounds Lord Barnet said  
 the choicer Mousgrovell shall make,  
 The best of them thy self shall have  
 and I the worse will have.  
 The first god blow Mousgrovell did strike  
 he wounded Lord Barnet sore,  
 The second blow that Lord Barnet gave  
 Mousgrovell could strike no more.  
 He took hit Lady by the white hand,  
 all love to sage did comfort  
 And with his swounds in most justnes wisse,  
 he pierc'd her tender heart.  
 I grabe a grabe Lord Barnet cry'd  
 prepare to lay us in.  
 My Lady shall lye on the upper bise,  
 cause she is the better bise.  
 Then suddenly he fel to himself  
 which grieved his friends full soze  
 The death of these threes worthy wights  
 with thars they did deplore  
 This last mischiesse by lust was wonderte,  
 then let us call for grace,  
 That we may shew that wickednes,  
 and shew that sin apace.